

Who Fell Asleep In

Los Campesinos!

She turned her back on the church and put all her faith in me,
At the back of the chapel where I taught her to screw and to blaspheme.

We turned our backs to the church with our trousers around our knees,

While screaming the scriptures, she said I was her favourite heresy.

In a note I read: "If you should go blind and deaf,
I'll cleanse and I'll bathe you and I'll cook for you daily.
I will take a dry ballpoint pen and trace on your chest
All of the same conversations that we have now in bed".
I don't mean to be selfish, but I think I'd sooner just be dead
.

Behind the tennis court, alongside the river, not a single live flower to see.

This is the one girl who woke up from all that and now falls asleep next to me.

But I swear now, every time that I kiss her, she feels her god breathe on her shoulder.

It pains me, but I'm sure she's still yours.

She said she wanted a sea burial, not grass and hypodermics to her hips.

I pruned the ivy from your grandmother's tomb,
More tender and careful than the superstitious
Ripped you from your mother's womb.

In a note I wrote: "I think too much about the end,
But being around it made me feel like I'm coping.
Now when I view the cemetery I don't see headstones, I see
Rows of engraved milk teeth, hungry, waiting for me".
And though I am fearful, I think I just crave the relief.

Behind the tennis court, alongside the river, a paper flower's still a beautiful thing.

This is the one girl who woke up from all that and now falls asleep next to me.

But I swear now, every time that I kiss her, she feels her god breathe on her shoulder.

It pains me, but I'm sure she's still yours.